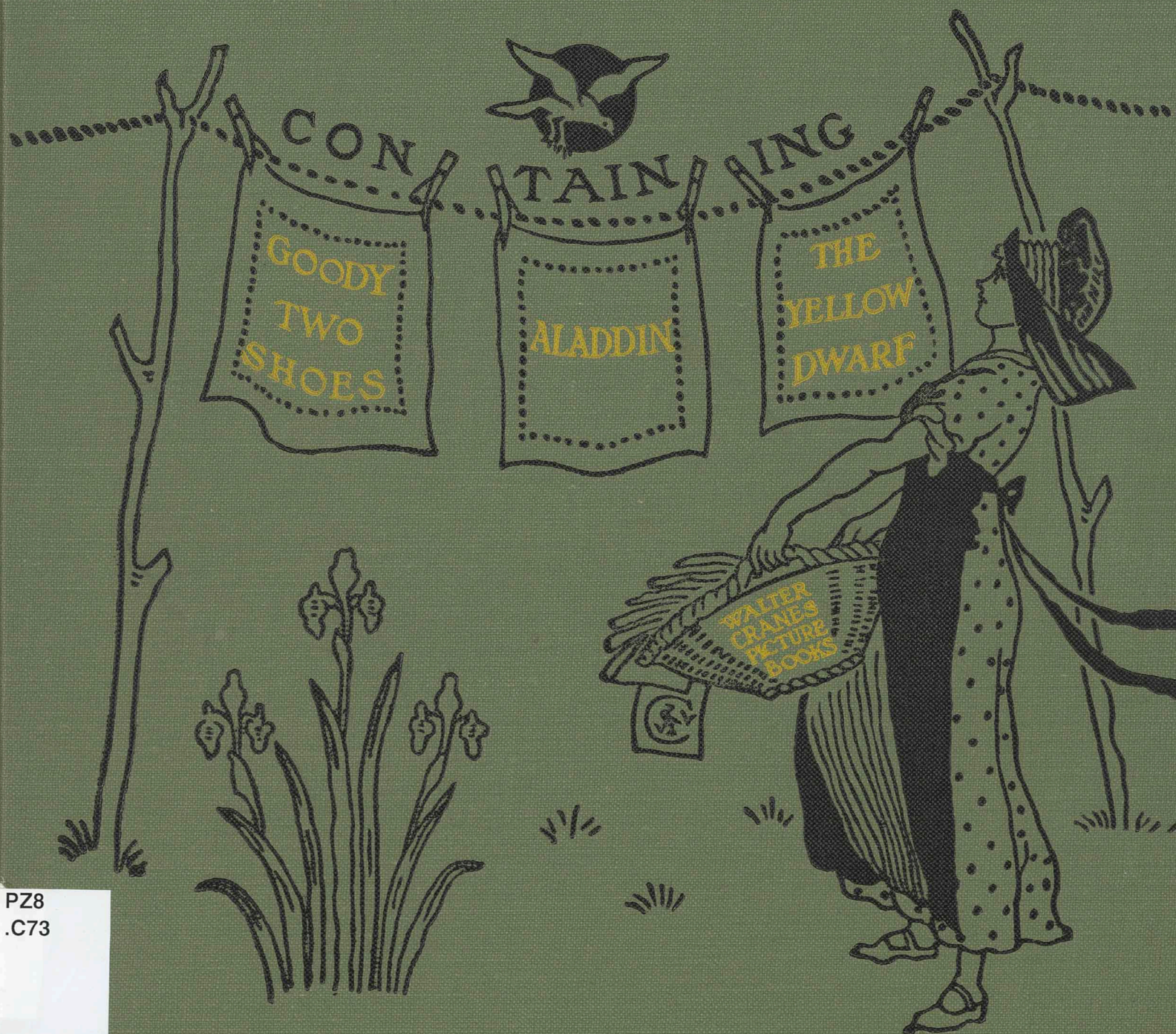
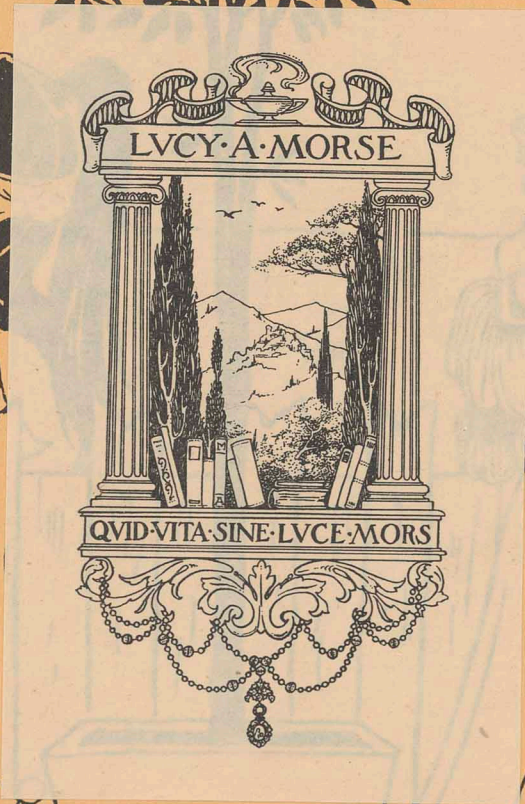
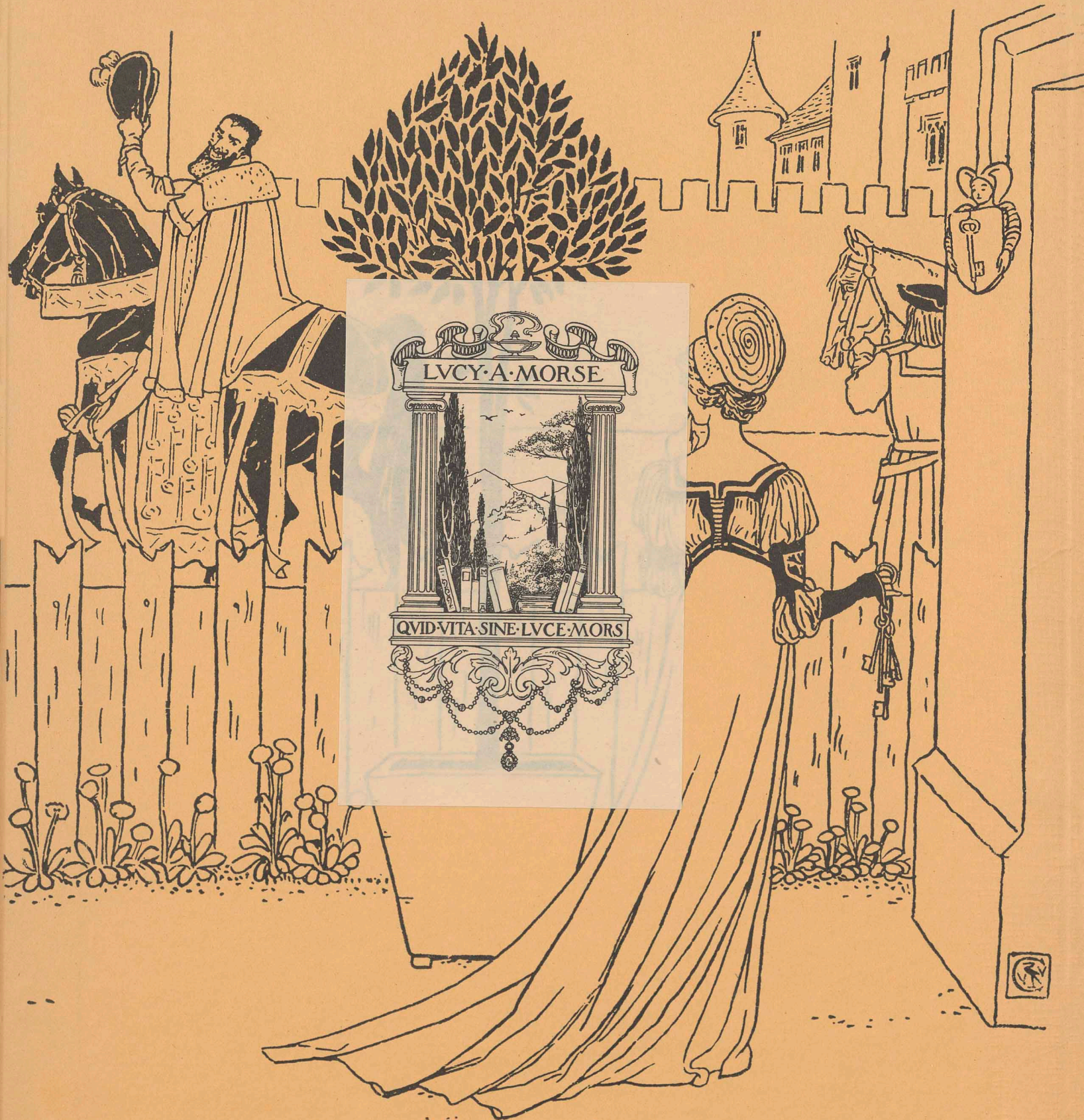


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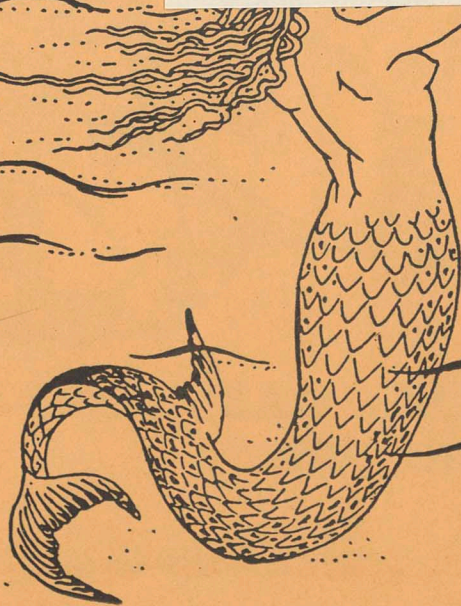
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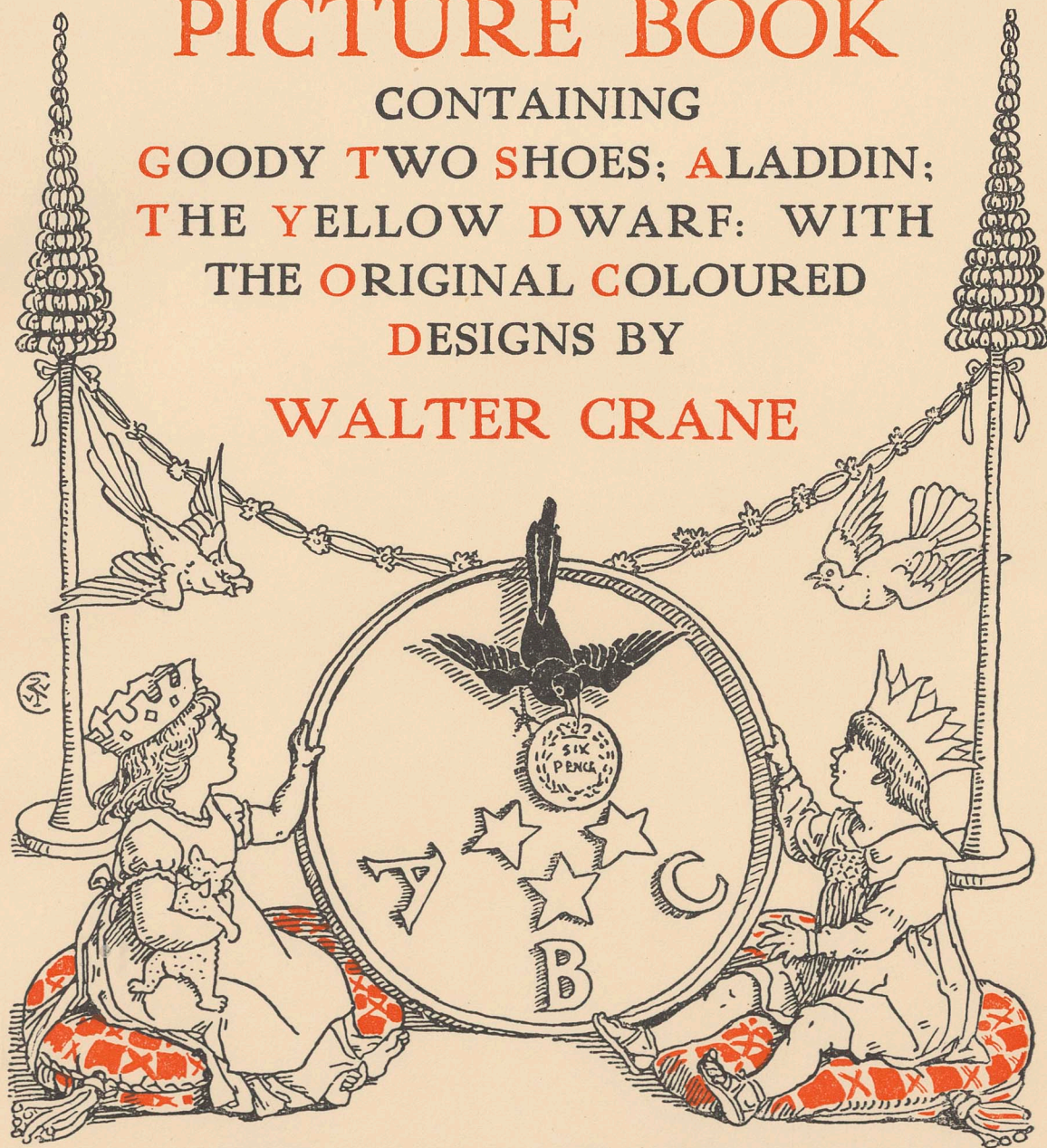
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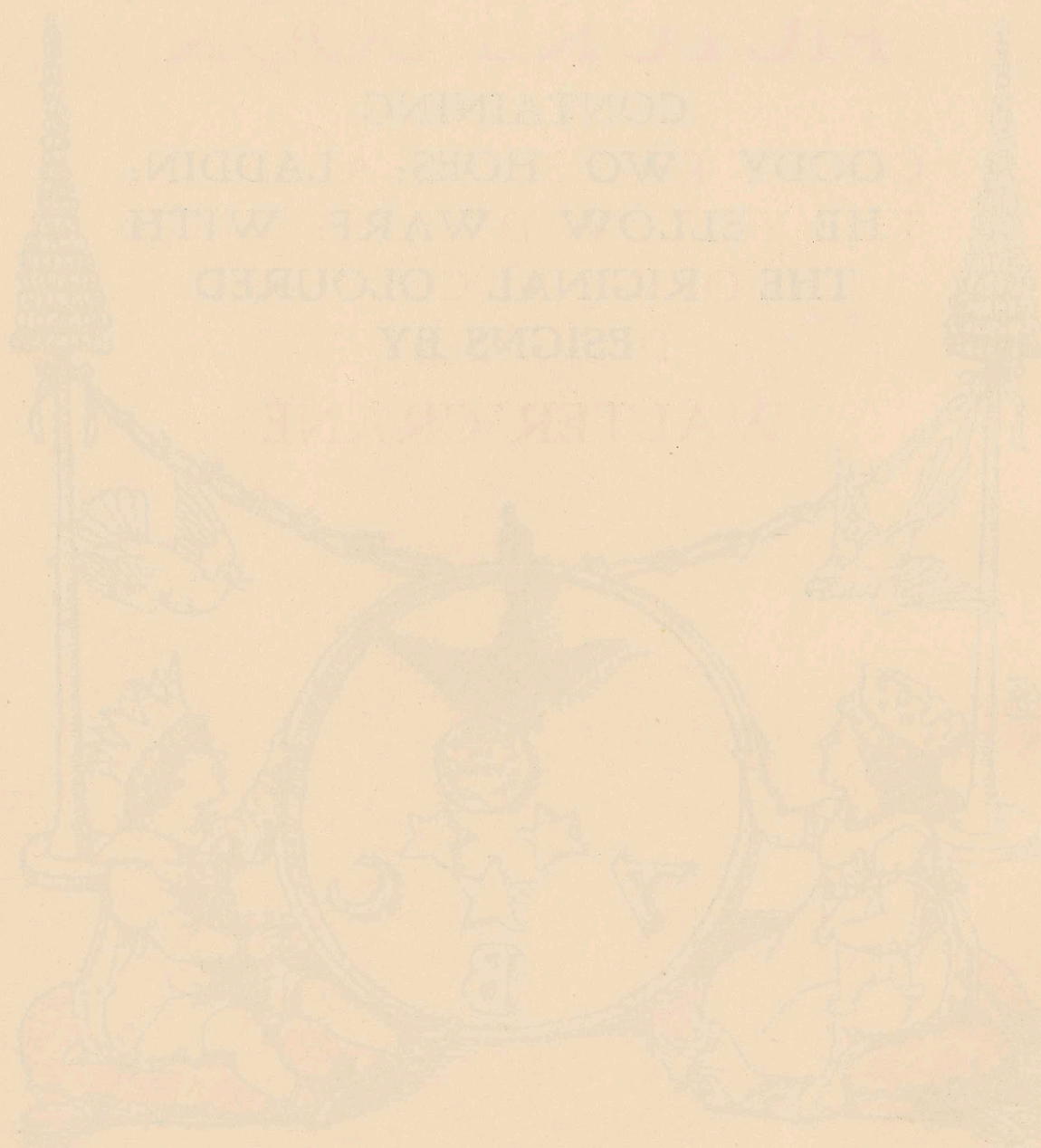
CONTAINING
GOODY TWO SHOES; ALADDIN;
THE YELLOW DWARF: WITH
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GOODY TWO SHOES.

IN the reign of good Queen Bess, there was an honest, industrious countryman named Meanwell, who, living under a hard landlord, was cruelly turned out of his little farm, which had enabled him to support a wife and two children, called Tommy and Margery. Care and misfortune soon shortened his days; and his wife, not long after, followed him to the grave. At her death the two poor children were left in a sad plight, and had to make all sorts of shifts to keep themselves from starving. They were also without proper clothes to keep them warm; and as for shoes, they had not even two pairs between them: Tommy, who had to go about more than his sister, had a pair to himself, but little Margery for a long time wore but one shoe.

But Heaven had heard their dying mother's prayers, and had watched over and protected them. Relief was at hand, and better things were in store for them. It happened that Mr. Goodall, the clergyman of the parish, heard of their sad wandering sort of life, and so he sent for the two children, and kindly offered to shelter them until they could get regular work to do. Soon after this, a gentleman came from London on a visit, and no sooner did he hear the story of the orphans, than he resolved to be their friend. The very first thing he did was to order a pair of shoes to be made for Margery. And he offered to take Tommy to London, promising to put him in a way to do well by going abroad.

As these two children loved each other very dearly, Margery



was in great trouble when the time came for her brother to start, and wept bitterly. But Tommy, in order to comfort her, promised he would not fail to come back to see her, when he should return from foreign countries.

After he was gone, Margery began to recover her usual cheerfulness: but what helped greatly to put her into good spirits, was the pleasure she took in her new shoes. As soon as the old shoemaker brought them, she put them on, and ran at once to the clergyman's wife, crying out with glee, as she pointed to them, "Two shoes, ma'am! See, Two shoes!" These words she kept on repeating to everybody she met, and so came to be called *GOODY TWO SHOES*.

Now Margery was a thoughtful little girl, and was most anxious to learn to read and write. When Mr. Goodall saw this, he kindly taught her what she most wished to know, and in a short time she became a better scholar than any of the children who went to the village school. As soon as she found that this was the case, she thought she would try to teach such poor children as could not go to school. Now, as very few books were then printed, she thought she could get over the difficulty by cutting, out of wood, six sets of capital letters like these:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

And ten sets of these common letters:—

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

When, after much pains and trouble, she had finished all these wooden letters, she managed to borrow an old spelling-book, and, with the help of this, she made her playmates set up the words she wished them to spell.

One day, as Margery was coming home from the next village,

she met with some wicked, idle boys, who had tied a young raven to a staff, and were just going to throw stones at it. She offered at once to buy the raven for a penny, and this they agreed to. She then brought him home to the parsonage, and gave him the name of Ralph, and a fine bird he was. Madge soon taught him to speak several words, and also to pick up letters, and even to spell a word or two.

Some years before Margery began to teach the poor cottagers' children, Sir Walter Welldon, a wealthy knight, had set up an elderly widow lady in a small school in the village. This gentlewoman was at length taken ill, and was no longer able to attend to her duties. When Sir Walter heard of this, he sent for Mr. Goodall, and asked him to look out for some one who would be able and willing to take Mrs. Gray's place as mistress of the school.

The worthy clergyman could think of no one so well qualified for the task as Margery Meanwell, who, though but young, was grave beyond her years, and was growing up to be a comely maiden; and when he told his mind to the knight, Margery was at once chosen. Sir Walter built a larger school-house for Margery's use; so that she could have all her old pupils about her that liked to come, as well as the regular scholars.

From this time, no one called her "Goody Two Shoes," but generally Mrs. Margery, and she was more and more liked and respected by her neighbours.

Soon after Margery had become mistress of the school, she saved a dove from some cruel boys, and she called him Tom, in remembrance of her brother now far away, and from whom she had heard no tidings.

About this time a lamb had lost its dam, and its owner was about to have it killed; when Margery heard of this, she bought









Goody Two Shoes.

the lamb and brought it home. Some neighbours, finding how fond of such pets Margery was, presented her with a nice playful little dog called Jumper, and also with a skylark. Now, master Ralph was a shrewd bird, and a bit of a wag too, and when Will, the lamb, and Carol, the lark, made their appearance, the knowing fellow picked out the following verse, to the great amusement of everybody:—

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Mrs. Margery was ever on the look-out to be useful to her neighbours. Now a traveller from London had presented her with a new kind of instrument, a rough-looking barometer, by the help of which she could often guess correctly how the weather would be, a day or two beforehand. This caused a great talk about the country, and so provoked were the people of the distant villages at the better luck of the Mouldwell folks, that they accused Mrs. Margery of being a witch, and sent old Nicky Noodle to go and tax her with it, and to scrape together whatever evidence he could against her. When this wiseacre saw her at her school-door, with her raven on one shoulder and the dove on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and little dog by her side, the sight took his breath away for a time, and he scampered off, crying out, “A witch, a witch, a witch!”

She laughed at the simpleton's folly, and called him jocosely a “conjuror!” for his pains; but poor Mrs. Margery did not know how much folly and wickedness there was in the world, and she was greatly surprised to find that the half-witted Nicky Noodle had got a warrant against her.

At the meeting of the justices, before whom she was summoned to appear, many of her neighbours were present, ready to

speaking up for her character if needful. But it turned out that the charge made against her was nothing more than Nicky's idle tale that she was a witch. Now-a-days it seems strange that such a thing could be ; but in England, at that period, so fondly styled by some "the good old times," many silly and wicked things were constantly being done, especially by the rich and powerful against the poor—such things as would not now be borne.

It happened that, among the justices who met to hear this charge against Mrs. Margery, there was but one silly enough to think there was any ground for it ; his name was Shallow, and it was he who had granted the warrant. But she soon silenced him when he kept repeating that she *must* be a witch to foretell the weather, besides harbouring many strange creatures about her, by explaining the use of her weather-glass.

Fortunately her patron, Sir Walter Welldon, was well acquainted with the use of the new instrument. When he had explained its nature to his foolish brother-justice, he turned the whole charge into ridicule, and gave Mrs. Margery such a high character, that the justices not only released her at once, but gave her their public thanks for the good services she had done in their neighbourhood.

One of these gentlemen, Sir Edward Lovell, who was a widower, fell ill, and requested Mrs. Margery to take charge of his house, and look after his dear children. Having taken counsel with her kind old friend the clergyman, she consented to this, and quite won Sir Edward's respect and admiration by her skill and tenderness in nursing him, and by the great care she took of his children.

By the time that Sir Edward fully regained his health, he had become more and more attached to Mrs. Margery. It was



not then to be wondered at, that when she talked of going back to her school, he should offer her his hand in marriage. This proposal took her quite by surprise, but she really loved Sir Edward; and her friends, Sir Walter and Mr. Goodall, advised her to accept him, telling her she would then be able to do many more good works than she had ever done before.

All things having been settled, and the day fixed, the great folks and others in the neighbourhood came in crowds to see the wedding, for glad they were that one who had, ever since she was a child, been so deserving, was to be thus rewarded. Just as the bride and bridegroom were about to enter the church, their friends assembled outside were busily engaged in watching the progress of a horseman, handsomely dressed and mounted, who was galloping up a distant slope leading to the church, as eagerly as if he wanted to get there before the marriage. This gentleman, so elegantly dressed, proved to be no other than Margaret's brother, our former acquaintance little Tommy, just returned with great honour and profit from a distant foreign country. When they had recovered from this pleasant surprise, the loving couple returned to the altar, and were married, to the satisfaction of all present.

After her happy marriage, Lady Lovell continued to practise all kinds of good; and took great pains in increasing and improving the school of which she had been the mistress, and placed there a poor but worthy scholar and his wife to preside over it.

ALADDIN,

AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

ALADDIN was the son of a poor tailor in an Eastern city. He was a spoiled boy, and loved play better than work; so that when Mustapha, his father, died, he was not able to earn his living; and his poor mother had to spin cotton all day long to procure food for their support. But she dearly loved her son, knowing that he had a good heart, and she believed that as he grew older he would do better, and become at last a worthy and prosperous man. One day, when Aladdin was walking outside the town, an old man came up to him, and looking very hard in his face, said he was his father's brother, and had long been away in a distant country, but that now he wished to help his nephew to get on. He then put a ring on the boy's finger, telling him that no harm could happen to him so long as he wore it. Now, this strange man was no uncle of Aladdin, nor was he related



at all to him; but he was a wicked magician, who wanted to make use of the lad's services, as we shall see presently.

The old man led Aladdin a good way into the country, until they came to a very lonely spot between two lofty black mountains. Here he lighted a fire, and threw into it some gum, all the time repeating many strange words. The ground then opened just before them, and a stone trap-door appeared. After lifting this up, the Magician told Aladdin to go below, down some broken steps, and at the foot of these he would find three halls, in the last of which was a door leading to a garden full of beautiful trees; this he was to cross, and after mounting some more steps, he would come to a terrace, when he would see a niche, in which there was a lighted Lamp. He was then to take the Lamp, put out the light, empty the oil, and bring it away with him.

Aladdin found all the Magician had told him to be true; he passed quickly but cautiously through the three halls, so as not even to touch the walls with his clothes, as the Magician had directed. He took the Lamp from the niche, threw out the oil, and put it in his bosom. As he came back through the garden, his eyes were dazzled with the bright-coloured fruits on the trees, shining

like glass. Many of these he plucked and put in his pockets, and then returned with the Lamp, and called upon his uncle to help him up the broken steps. "Give me the Lamp," said the old man, angrily. "Not till I get out safe," cried the boy. The Magician, in a passion, then slammed down the trap-door, and Aladdin was shut up fast enough. While crying bitterly, he by chance rubbed the ring, and a figure appeared before him, saying, "I am your slave, the Genius of the Ring; what do you desire?"

Aladdin told the Genius of the Ring that he only wanted to be set free, and to be taken back to his mother. In an instant he found himself at home, very hungry, and his poor mother was much pleased to see him again. He told her all that had happened; she then felt curious to look at the Lamp he had brought, and began rubbing it, to make it shine brighter. Both were quite amazed at seeing rise before them a strange figure; this proved to be the Genius of the Lamp, who asked for their commands. On hearing that food was what they most wanted, a black slave instantly entered with the choicest fare upon a dainty dish of silver, and with silver plates for them to eat from.

Aladdin and his mother feasted upon the rich









fare brought to them, and sold the silver dish and plates, on the produce of which they lived happily for some weeks. Aladdin was now able to dress well, and in taking his usual walk, he one day chanced to see the Sultan's daughter coming with her attendants from the baths. He was so much struck with her beauty, that he fell in love with her at once, and told his mother that she must go to the Sultan, and ask him to give the Princess to be his wife. The poor woman said he must be crazy; but her son not only knew what a treasure he had got in the Magic Lamp, but he had also found how valuable were the shining fruits he had gathered, which he thought at the time to be only coloured glass. At first he sent a bowlful of these jewels—for so they were—to the Sultan, who was amazed at their richness, and said to Aladdin's mother: "Your son shall have his wish, if he can send me, in a week, forty bowls like this, carried by twenty white and twenty black slaves, handsomely dressed." He thought by this to keep what he had got, and to hear no more of Aladdin. But the Genius of the Lamp soon brought the bowls of jewels and the slaves, and Aladdin's mother went with them to the Sultan.

The Sultan was overjoyed at receiving these rich gifts, and at once agreed that the Princess

Bulbul should be the wife of Aladdin. The happy youth then summoned the Genius of the Lamp to assist him; and shortly set out for the Palace. He was dressed in a handsome suit of clothes, and rode a beautiful horse; by his side marched a number of attendants, scattering handfuls of gold among the people. As soon as they were married, Aladdin ordered the Genius of the Lamp to build, in the course of a night, a most superb Palace, and there the young couple lived quite happily for some time. One day, when Aladdin was out hunting with the Sultan, the wicked Magician, who had heard of his good luck, and wished to get hold of the Magic Lamp, cried out in the streets, "New lamps for old ones!" A silly maid in the Palace, hearing this, got leave of the Princess to change Aladdin's old Lamp, which she had seen on a cornice where he always left it, for a new one, and so the Magician got possession of it.

As soon as the Magician had safely got the Lamp, he caused the Genius to remove the Palace, and Bulbul within it, to Africa. Aladdin's grief was very great, and so was the rage of the Sultan at the loss of the Princess, and poor Aladdin's life was in some danger, for the Sultan threatened to kill him if he did not restore his daughter in three days. Aladdin first called upon the Genius of the



Ring to help him, but all he could do was to take him to Africa. The Princess was rejoiced to see him again, but was very sorry to find that she had been the cause of all their trouble by parting with the wonderful Lamp. Aladdin, however, consoled her, and told her that he had thought of a plan for getting it back. He then left her, but soon returned with a powerful sleeping-draught, and advised her to receive the Magician with pretended kindness, and pour it into his wine at dinner that day, so as to make him fall sound asleep, when they could take the Lamp from him. Everything happened as they expected; the Magician drank the wine, and when Aladdin came in, he found that he had fallen back lifeless on the couch. Aladdin took the Lamp from his bosom, and called upon the Genius to transport the Palace, the Princess, and himself, back to their native city. The Sultan was as much astonished and pleased at their return, as he had been provoked at the loss of his daughter; and Aladdin, with his Bulbul, lived long afterwards to enjoy his good fortune.

THE YELLOW DWARF.

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen who had an only daughter, and she was so fond of her that she never corrected her faults; therefore the Princess became so proud, and so vain of her beauty that she despised everybody. The Queen gave her the name of Toubelle; and sent her portrait to several friendly kings. As soon as they saw it, they all fell in love with her. The Queen, however, saw no means of inducing her to decide in favour of one of them, so, not knowing what to do, she went to consult a powerful Fairy, called the Fairy of the Desert: but it was not easy to see her, for she was guarded by lions. The Queen would have had little chance if she had not known how to prepare a cake that would appease them. She made one herself, put it into a little basket, and set out on her journey. Being tired with walking, she lay down at the foot of a tree and fell asleep; and on awaking, she found her basket empty, and the cake gone, while the lions were roaring dreadfully. "Alas, what will become of me!" she exclaimed, clinging to the tree. Just then she heard, "Hist! A-hem!" and raising her eyes, she saw up in the tree a little man not more than two feet high. He was eating oranges, and said to her, "I know you well, Queen; you have good reason to be afraid of the lions, for they have devoured many before you, and—you have no cake." "Alas," cried the poor Queen, "I should die with less pain if my dear daughter were but married!" "How! you have a daughter!" exclaimed the Yellow Dwarf. (He was so called from the colour of his skin, and his living in an orange-tree.) "I am delighted to hear it, for I have sought a wife by land and sea. If you will promise her to me, I will save you from the lions." The Queen looked at him, and was scarcely less frightened at his horrible figure than at the lions. She made no answer until she saw them on the brow of a hill, running towards her. At this the poor Queen cried out, "Save me! Toubelle is yours." The trunk of the orange-tree immediately opened; the Queen rushed into it; it closed, and the lions were baulked of their prey.

The unfortunate Queen then dropped insensible to the ground, and



while she was in this state she was transported to the palace, and placed in her own bed. When she awoke and recollected what had befallen her, she tried to persuade herself that it was all a dream and that she had never met with this dreadful adventure: but she fell into a melancholy state, so that she could scarcely speak, eat, or sleep.

The Princess, who loved her mother with all her heart, grew very uneasy. She often begged her to say what was the matter, but the Queen always put her off with some reason that the Princess saw plainly enough was not the real one. Being unable to control her anxiety, she resolved to seek the famous Fairy of the Desert, whose advice as to marrying she was also desirous of obtaining, for everybody pressed her to choose a husband. She took care to knead the cake herself, and pretending to go to bed early one evening, she went out by a back staircase, and thus, all alone, set out to find the Fairy. But on arriving at the orange-tree, she was seized with a desire to gather some of the fruit. She set down her basket and plucked some oranges; but when she looked again for it, it had disappeared. Alarmed and distressed, she suddenly saw beside her the frightful little Dwarf. "What ails you, fair maid?" said he. "Alas!" replied she, "I have lost the cake which was so necessary to insure my safe arrival at the abode of the Desert Fairy." "And what do you want with her?" said the Dwarf. "I am her kinsman, and as clever as she is." "The Queen, my mother," replied the Princess, "has lately fallen into despair. I fancy I am the cause of it; for she wishes me to marry; but I have not yet seen any one I think worthy of me. It is for this reason I would consult the Fairy." "Don't give yourself that trouble, Princess," said the Dwarf; "I can advise you better than she. The Queen is sorry that she has promised you in marriage." "The Queen promised me!" cried the Princess. "Oh, you must be mistaken." "Beautiful Princess," said the Dwarf, flinging himself at her feet, "it is I who am destined to enjoy such happiness." "My mother have you for her son-in-law!" exclaimed Toutebelle, recoiling; "was there ever such madness!" "I care very little about the honour," said the Dwarf, angrily. "Here come the lions; in three bites they will avenge me." At the same moment the poor Princess heard the roars of the savage beasts. "What will become of me?" she cried. The Dwarf looked at her, and laughed contemptuously. "Be not angry," said the Princess; "I would rather

marry all the dwarfs in the world than perish in so frightful a manner." "Look at me well, Princess, before you give me your word," replied he. "I have looked at you more than enough," said she. "The lions are approaching; save me!" She had scarcely uttered these words, when she fainted. On recovering, she found herself in her own bed, and on her finger a little ring made of a single red hair, which fitted her so closely that the skin might have been taken off sooner than the ring. When the Princess saw these things, and remembered what had taken place, she became very despondent, which pained the whole Court.

Toutebelle had now lost much of her pride. She saw no better way of getting out of her trouble than by marrying some great king with whom the Dwarf would not dare to dispute. She, therefore, consented to marry the King of the Gold Mines, a very powerful and handsome Prince, who loved her passionately. It is easy to imagine his joy when he received this news. Everything was prepared for one of the grandest entertainments that had ever been given. The King of the Gold Mines sent home for such sums of money that the sea was covered with the ships which brought them. Now that she had accepted him, the Princess found in the young King so much merit that she soon began to return his affection, and became very warmly attached to him.

At length the day so long wished for arrived. Everything being ready for the marriage, the people flocked in crowds to the great square in front of the palace. The Queen and Princess were advancing to meet the King, when they saw two large turkey-cocks, drawing a strange-looking box. Behind them came a tall old woman, whose age and decrepitude were no less remarkable than her ugliness. She leaned on a crutch. She wore a black ruff, a red hood, and a gown all in tatters. She took three turns round the gallery with her turkey-cocks before she spoke a word; then, stopping and brandishing her crutch, she cried, "Ho! ho! Queen!—Ho! ho! Princess! Do you fancy you can break your promises to my friend the Yellow Dwarf! I am the Fairy of the Desert! But for him and his orange-tree, know you not that my great lions would have devoured you?" "Ah! Princess," exclaimed the Queen, bursting into tears, "what promise have you made?" "Ah! Mother," cried Toutebelle, sorrowfully, "what promise have *you* made?" The King of the Gold Mines,









enraged at this interruption, advanced upon the old woman, sword in hand, and cried, "Quit this palace for ever, or with thy life thou shalt atone for thy malice!"

Scarcely had he said this when the lid of the box flew up as high as the ceiling, with a terrific noise, and out of it issued the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large Spanish cat, who placed himself between the Fairy of the Desert and the King of the Gold Mines. "Rash youth!" cried he, "think not of assaulting this illustrious Fairy: it is with me alone thou hast to do! The faithless Princess who would give thee her hand has plighted her troth to me, and received mine. Look if she have not on her finger a ring of my hair." "Miserable monster," said the King to him, "hast thou the audacity to declare thyself the lover of this divine Princess?" The Yellow Dwarf struck his spurs into the sides of his cat, which set up a terrific squalling, and frightened everybody but the King, who pressed the Dwarf so closely that he drew a cutlass, and defying him to single combat, descended into the court-yard, the enraged King following him. Scarcely had they confronted each other, the whole Court being in the balconies to witness the combat, when the sun became as red as blood, and it grew so dark that they could scarcely see themselves. The two turkey-cocks appeared at the side of the Yellow Dwarf, casting out flames from their mouths and eyes. All these horrors did not shake the heart of the young King; but his courage failed when he saw the Fairy of the Desert, mounted upon a winged griffin, and armed with a lance, rush upon his dear Princess, and strike so fierce a blow that she fell into the Queen's arms bathed in her own blood. The King ran to rescue the Princess; but the Yellow Dwarf was too quick for him: he leaped with his cat into the balcony, snatched the Princess from the arms of the Queen, and disappeared with her.

The King was gazing in despair on this extraordinary scene, when he felt his eyesight fail; and by some irresistible power he was hurried through the air. The wicked Fairy of the Desert had no sooner set her eyes on him than her heart was touched by his charms. She bore him off to a cavern, where she loaded him with chains; and she hoped that the fear of death would make him forget Toubelle. As soon as they had arrived there, she restored his sight, and appeared before him like a lovely nymph. "Can it be you, charming Prince?" she cried. "What misfortune has befallen you?" The King

replied, "Alas, fair nymph, I know not the object of the unkind Fairy who brought me hither." "Ah, my Lord," exclaimed the nymph, "if you are in the power of that woman you will not escape without marrying her." Whilst she thus pretended to take great interest in the King's affliction, he caught sight of her feet, which were like those of a griffin, and by this at once knew her to be the wicked Fairy. He, however, took no notice of it. "I do not," said he, "entertain any dislike to the Fairy of the Desert, but I cannot endure that she should keep me in chains like a criminal." The Fairy of the Desert, deceived by these words, resolved to carry the King to a beautiful spot. So she made him enter her chariot, to which she had now harnessed swans, and fled with him from one pole to the other.

Whilst thus travelling through the air, he beheld his dear Princess in a castle all of steel, the walls of which, reflecting the rays of the sun, became like burning-glasses, and scorched to death all who ventured to approach them. She was reclining on the bank of a stream. As she lifted her eyes, she saw the King pass by with the Fairy of the Desert, who, through her magic arts, seemed to be very beautiful; and this made her more unhappy than ever, as she thought the King was untrue to her. She thus became jealous, and was offended with the poor King, while he was in great grief at being so rapidly borne away from her.

At length they reached a meadow, covered with a thousand various flowers. A deep river surrounded it, and in the distance arose a superb palace. As soon as the swans had descended, the Fairy of the Desert led the King into a handsome apartment, and did all she could that he might not think himself actually a prisoner.

The King, who had his reasons for saying kind things to the old Fairy, was not sparing of them, and by degrees obtained leave to walk by the sea-side. One day he heard a voice, and looking rapidly around him, he saw a female of great beauty, whose form terminated in a long fish's tail. As soon as she was near enough to speak to him, she said, "I know the sad state to which you are reduced by the loss of your Princess; if you are willing, I will convey you from this fatal spot." As the King hesitated, the Syren said, "Do not think I am laying a snare for you; if you will confide in me, I will save you." "I have such perfect confidence in you," said the King, "that I will do whatever you command." "Come with me then," said the



Syren ; "I will first leave on the shore a figure so perfectly resembling you that it shall deceive the Fairy, and then convey you to the Steel Castle."

She cut some sea-rushes, and, making a large bundle of them, they became so like the King of the Gold Mines that he had never seen so astonishing a change. The friendly Syren then made the King seat himself upon her great fish's tail, and carried him off. They soon arrived at the Steel Castle. The side that faced the sea was the only part of it that the Yellow Dwarf had left open. The Syren told the King that he would find Toutebelle by the stream near which he had seen her when he passed over with the Fairy. But as he would have to contend with some enemies before he could reach her, she gave him a diamond sword, with which he could face the greatest danger, warning him *never to let it fall*. The King thanked the Syren warmly, and strode on rapidly towards the Steel Castle. Before he had gone far four terrible sphinxes surrounded him, and would quickly have torn him in pieces, if the diamond sword had not proved as useful to him as the Syren had predicted. He dealt each of them its death-blow, then advancing again, he met six dragons, covered with scales. But his courage remained unshaken, and making good use of his sword, there was not one that he did not cut in half at a blow. Without further obstacle, he entered the grove in which he had seen Toutebelle. She was seated beside the fountain, pale and suffering. At first she indignantly fled from him. "Do not condemn me unheard," said he. "I am an unhappy lover, who has been compelled, despite himself, to offend you." He flung himself at her feet, but in so doing he unfortunately let fall the sword. The Yellow Dwarf, who had lain hidden behind a shrub, no sooner saw it out of the King's hands than he sprang forward to seize it. The Princess uttered a loud shriek, which luckily caused the King to turn suddenly round, just in time to snatch up the sword. With one blow he slew the wicked Dwarf, and then conducted the Princess to the sea-shore, where the friendly Syren was waiting to convey them to the Queen. On their arrival at the palace, the wedding took place, and Toutebelle, cured of her vanity, lived happily with the King of the Gold Mines.

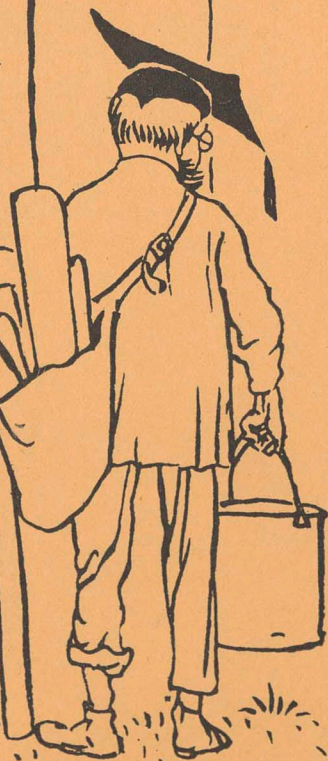
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